

## CORPORAL

by Jo

She was going to make very sure that once he was back to his normal, semi-manic state, that she was officially retired from the job of domestic. As it was at the moment though, the Doctor, or rather John Smith, had no idea what a Time Lord was or that he was in fact the last of the Time Lords. Martha steadied the breakfast tray and knocked to announce herself before entering his bedroom. She found him seated at his desk, still in his pyjamas and dressing gown, going over papers.

"Your breakfast and morning paper Mr Smith." She announced cheerfully.

"Thank you Martha." He replied as she set the tray down and took a quick glance around.

He noticed that she rolled her eyes when she took in the dishevelled mess that was his bed. Again. For a domestic, Ms Jones was rather saucy in his opinion. He watched as she set about her morning chores of straightening up his quarters and took note of every time she muttered under her breath or shook her head.

"You know Ms Jones? I really don't approve of your attitude this morning." Martha heard the smirk in his voice, the smug bastard.

"Really?"

"Really." A frown crossed John Smith's brow when all she did was shrug. "I believe a refresher course in manners is in need here." He stated calmly as he rose from his desk and moved over towards her.

That got Martha's attention. She knew that once this was all over, the Doctor would remember everything that had happened while he was John Smith. It could prove to be very interesting later. She didn't look up when he came to stand slightly behind her. He cleared his throat and Martha decided to acknowledge his presence behind her. She swallowed audibly when she saw the cane he was casually holding.

He wouldn't, she thought. 'Then again.....' Martha took in the predatory look in his eye, he just might. She swallowed aloud again, her breath catching a little.

"Ms Jones, it would seem that you have let your manners slip. This simply will not do." John Smith purred. "Turn around and lean over the table please." He instructed.

Martha's eyes grew huge as she complied. Her face was beginning to feel very warm and she let out a little sound when she felt him grab a handful

of her skirts. "Attempt to get away or protect yourself and I will employ this." He stated, placing the cane on the table beside her. Martha clutched her hands under her chin as he finished lifting her skirts up onto her back.

She hissed when he smacked her bum suddenly. She forced herself to breath evenly and it was working for a few moments until she felt her knickers being tugged down. She began planning on how she was going to make him pay for her humiliation once they returned to the TARDIS, and she was determined to make him pay dearly.

She gritted her teeth to keep from making a sound as he placed his hands gently on her bum. "Such an ample lovely bottom Ms Jones. I may have my work cut out for me." She was getting downright deviant in her plans of retaliation as he spoke. "I believe ten should do the trick." He added. She made a note to go shopping for supplies as her plans grew in her mind.

The first stroke of his hand across her arse derailed her train of thought and she yelped. The second and third strokes were harder then their predecessors and she felt the sting of tears in the corners of her eyes. She lifted off the table a bit with the forth one and sank back onto it with the fifth. The sixth stroke caused another yelp to rise out of her and the seventh had her swearing.

"Ah, ah language Ms Jones." He taunted. "That will be five more."

Martha bit her tongue to keep from swearing about the additional strokes added to her sentence. She maintained strict silence until the twelfth stroke when she yelped aloud again. She breathed a sigh of relief when the fifteenth stroke landed hard across her arse. She sagged against the table not noticing that he'd stepped back to admire his work.

"Ms Jones....." Martha heard the distinct note of disapproval in his voice and shuddered. "The point of this exercise was discipline. Not arousal."

'Oh God' she groaned when she realised that she had indeed been aroused from her spanking.

She hissed when he was on her again lightening fast. One hand wrenching under her torso, lifting her partially off the table and the other sliding between her legs, stroking her wet entrance. "I admit that I expect my staff to be well groomed Ms Jones, but aren't you taking that expectation a little to literally?" John Smith purred into her ear as his fingers deftly stroked over smooth flesh. Martha's only reply was to whimper.

"Had I only known what a wanton girl you were when I hired you?" Martha whimpered at the velvet torment of his voice. Her eyes had remained closed from the moment he had her bent over the table and she

could feel the damp of tears on her lashes.

Martha groaned when he removed his teasing fingers from her only to groan even louder when they were replaced by something a lot larger and more determined. She hissed every time he slammed into her and caused the skin of her arse to sting with the contact of flesh against sore flesh. Orgasm began ripping through her and she cried out when he landed a hand hard across her arse.

“Impatient aren’t we?” John Smith stated.

Martha noted that he had spoken with some effort, as he was getting closer to his own climax. She wanted to fall forward against the table again but he was still holding her rather fiercely to himself. Martha was jerked upwards as he slammed into one last time and held still, spilling his release into her. They leaned into each other using the other as support as they both slowly came back to their senses.

“Have you learned your lesson Ms Jones?” He murmured into her ear. Martha only nodded as he nipped at her ear lobe. “And we won’t have a repeat performance of this morning’s deplorable manners again?” Martha shook her head in the negative, not trusting her voice to speak. “Good girl.” John Smith murmured planting a kiss against her neck. “Now return to your cleaning.” Martha slipped from his grip, adjusting her skirts, and turning to face him, she sank to her knees to do as she had been told.

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